

2Pac Lyrics

"If I Die 2Nite"

A coward dies a thousand deaths

A soldier dies but once

They say pussy and paper is poetry, power and pistols
Plotting on murdering motherfuckers 'fore they get you

Picturing pitiful punk niggas coppering pleas

Puffing weed as I position myself to clock G's

My enemies scatter in suicidal situations

Never to witness the wicked shit that they was facin'

Pockets is packed with presidents, pursue your riches

Evading the playa hating tricks while hitting switches

Bitches is bad-mouth, 'cause brawling motherfuckers is bold

But charge them hoes; the game should be sold

I'm sick of psychotic society, somebody save me

Addicted to drama, so even mama couldn't raise me

Even the preacher and all my teachers couldn't reach me

I run in the streets and puffing weed with my peeps

I'm duckin' the cops, I hit the weed as I'm clutchin' my Glock

Niggas is hot when I hit the block; what if I die tonight?

[2Pac + Dr. Dre:]

If I die tonight

If I die tonight

Fuck it, if I die tonight

Tonight's the night I get in some shit

Polish your pistols, prepare for battle, pass the pump

When I get to poppin', niggas is droppin' then they done

Calling the coroner, come collect the fucking corpse

He got hit by a killer, preoccupied with being boss

Revenge is the method

Whenever steppin', keep a weapon close

Adversaries are overdosed over deadly notes

Jealous niggas and broke bitches equal packed jails

Hit the block and fill your pockets, making crack sales

Picture perfection, pursuing paper with a passion

Visions of prisons for all the pussies that I blasted

Running with criminals individuals with no remorse

Try to stop me, my pistol posse's using deadly force

In my brain all I can think about is fame

The police know my name

A different game, ain't a thing changed

I'm seeing cemetery photos of my peers

Conversating like they still here; if I die tonight

[2Pac + Dr. Dre:]

If I die tonight

Scare to die nigga, is ya, ha?

If I die tonight

Never fear, never worry

If I die tonight
Tonight's the night I get in some shit

Pussy and paper is poetry, power and pistols
Plotting on murdering motherfuckers 'fore they get you
Pray to the Heaven's, .357's to the sky
And I hope I'm forgiven for thug livin' when I die
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto for thug niggas
A stress free life and a spot for drug dealers
Pissing while practicing how to pimp and be a playa
Overdose of a dick while drinking liquor when I lay her
Pistol whippin' these simps, for being petrified and lame
Disrespecting the game, praying for punishment and pain
Going insane, never die, I live eternal, who shall I fear?
Don't shed a tear for me, nigga, I ain't happy here
I hope they bury me and send me to my rest
Headlines reading 'Murdered to death', my last breath
Take a look, picture a crook on his last stand
Motherfuckers don't understand; if I die tonight

[2Pac + Dr. Dre:]
Nigga! If I die tonight
No fear nigga, never worry
If I die tonight
Bury me a motherfucking G, closed casket fuck it
If I die tonight
You know
Tonight's the night I get in some shit

Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder
"Tonight's the night I get in some shit"
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder

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